

TRIFLES

IN

VERSE.

By JOHN OAKMAN.

All Human Race would fain be Wits,

SWIFT.

L O N D O N;

Printed for the Author; and sold by W. FLENNY
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*Gift of
Edgar H. Wells*

DEDICATION.

T O

Mr. MERES, jun. Printer.

S I R,

IT is hoped you will receive this volume of TRIFLES, as a tribute of gratitude, for numberless favours conferred by you upon the author: he is conscious that the present is scarce worth your acceptance, but hopes in future to offer something more worthy. In the mean time he remains

Your very humble servant,

Jan. 1767.

JOHN OAKMAN.

ADVERTISEMENT

IT is unnecessary, I imagine, to tell the reader that the author of these little pieces has not received any benefit from what is called a liberal education; the want of it he is afraid will be too plainly seen: he was scarcely taught to read in the common method, as most poor tradesmens children are: what little he is acquainted with now, is merely the fruits of his own industry. This known, it is hoped will make the critics (if any should think it worth while to peruse it) to put on a calmer brow than otherwise they might. The author returns his thanks to all those who have honoured his subscriptions, and remains

Thoir very humble servant, &c.

JOHN OVERTON



F A B L E I.

The MAD DOG.

WHAT malice, faction, noise and strife,
Attend this little walk thro' life;

Detraction, envy, aim their darts,

Envenom'd, at the purest hearts;

Man like a weather-cock we find,

Must stand the blast of every wind;

B

He's

He's wrong, or right, a fool, or wit,
 Just as the multitude think fit,
 And oft their wise determinations
 Abuse the best of reputations :
 His art, or whatsoe'er he rests on,
 By fools and knaves is call'd in question ;
 And as they cry the luckless sound
Report attendant carries round,
 With greedy ears the mob devour,
 And damn a million in an hour.

Tray a poor dog of simple skill,
 Yet happy in a right good will ;
 Lay basking in the mid-day sun,
 No harm he thought, no harm had done,
 When a strange hub-bub struck his ears,
 And instantly a mob appears ;
 Halloo ! they cry'd, halloo ! halloo !
 Tray ran as fast as Tray could do :
 He turns, and winds, and mends his pace,
 Yet doubtful how will end the chace ;
 Thro' many an alley, lane and street,
 In haste he ply'd his dubious feet ;
 In every alley, street and lane,
 His enemies he found again.

The noise increas'd, men, boys, and all,
 (Fully determin'd of his fall)

With

With pitch forks, poker, tongs or what
 They in the height of fury got ;
 Some at his head, some at his back,
 Began the desperate attack ;
 'Till mad indeed he foam'd and bit,
 And strove such usage to acquit :
 But ah ! in vain by all assail'd,
 His strength decreas'd, his courage fail'd ;
 He sunk oppress'd on every side,
 Yet howl'd out this before he died :

Blood-thirsty men, I yield my breath,
 Yet time will soon revenge my death :
 Uncertain is this earthly state,
 And few can read the book of fate :
 Yet sure I could expect no less,
 Your acts thro' life your minds express ;
 I'm but a *dog* and not a *brother*,
 Yet thus you *hunt down one another*.

F A B L E II.

FASHION, FORTUNE and MERIT.

R Educ'd by fate and air-built schemes,
 From prospects fine and golden dreams,
 With native confidence tho' poor,
 Young *Merit* knock'd at *Fortune's* door,

'Twas after dinner, and my lady
 Was at her toilet getting ready,
 To go to lady Niggle's rout,
 By nine or ten or thereabout.
 For ladies pleasures, it is said,
 Begin when half the town's in bed;
 And as to work the vulgar rise
 But few of these have clos'd their eyes;
 Day is their night, and night their day,
 So order'd by the laws of play;
 And quality would sooner break,
 The laws of honour, than forsake
 Those laws which for themselves they made,
 Tho' virtue lose and beauty fade.

Now from the window or the area,
 Peep'd forth a servant, Tom, or Mary;
 And seeing *Merit* poor and thin,
 "Cry'd, damn him let him knock again;
 "He looks like some low politician,
 "And brings to *Fortune* a petition;
 "But what is that to you or me,
 "Unless he could advance the fee?"

Merit as standing at the gate,
 By accident, o'erheard their prate,
 To see the lady being willing,
 Held out his last, his only shilling;

This

This sign prevail'd, when *entre nous*,
 The folding doors wide open flew ;
 Where *Fortune* sat in all her pride,
 With lady *Fashion* at her side ;
Merit began—"illustrious dame,
 "No doubt you've heard of *Merit's* name,
 "In ancient times my fame was great,
 "But by ill chance reduced of late ;
 "From you I beg a trifling bounty,
 "From you the richest in the county ;
 "And ever with a grateful spirit,
 "I'll bless the hand that helped *Merit*."

Mr. a—— what's your name? I'm sorry
 At present I am in a hurry,
 And cash now is not in the way,
 I had bad luck last night at play ;
 Beside, my sister *Fashion* here,
 Wants more than I just now can spare ;
 When she is serv'd—I'll think—and then—
 Another day—you'll call again ;
 Here Tom!—your servant—Bring the chair in,
 These French silks are the prettiest wearing ;
 To lady Niggle's haste away,
 Excuse me Sir—I cannot stay.

Folly and Fashion must be serv'd,
 While *Merit* is too often starv'd

F A B L E III.

The ATHENIAN HARPER.

IN every state, in every station,
 In every age, in every nation,
 Still vanity and discontent
 Their mutual aid each other lent:
 Ah me! what pangs must fill that breast,
 Where these two fiends have got possess'd,
 What dire calamities ensue,
 Yet ah! how very justly due.

In high-fam'd Athens long ago,
 There liv'd, as *Æsop's fables shew*,
 A simple harper; but whose lays
 Procur'd him much Plebeian praise:
 When night drew on, in thrumming strain,
 He'd oft divert the *tippling train*,
 The *tippling train*, would dance and sing,
 And swear of harpers he was king.

Philosophers have oft confess'd,
 The love of fame in every breast
 Inherent is: and most would fain
 Her trumpet's loudest blast obtain.

Yet

Yet very few of all who've strove,
 So far have gain'd that lady's love;
 But discontented with their lot,
 Have lost the little share they'd got.

Puff'd with the praises of the croud,
 With vanity his breast o'erflow'd.
 " Shall I, says he, whose skill so rare,
 That few to play with me will dare:
 Shall I, whose heavenly sounding strains,
 Can move these wretches without brains;
 I, who like Orpheus, or Amphion
 Can tame the savage bear, or lion,
 And make e'en stocks, or stones, or trees,
 Caper and dance just as I please;
 Shall I divert the rabble rout,
 And give my airs to every lout?
 No—if these feel so great my art,
 How I shall touch the noble heart!
 How small each artist will appear,
 If once I strike the judging ear:
 It shall be so—a strong desire,
 Now warms my breast with sacred fire;
 I'll charm the stage, ye clowns adieu;
 I've spent my time too long with you;
 Profit, and fame, shall make amends,
 I have them at my fingers ends.
 Behold him on the Athenian stage,
 At war with harmony engage;

Unto-

Untowardly, he strikes the strings,
 And harsher than his harp he sings;
 Enrag'd the audience pelt, and scoff,
 And clamour rends the house, off, off.

Amaz'd, he from the stage withdrew
 And fought again the clownish crew;
 But *Fame* who kept above his pace,
 Had told them all his late disgrace;
 With scorn they kick'd him out of door,
 And bid him hum-strum there no more,
 But with his soft and heavenly airs,
 Go play to TREES, and dancing bears.

F A B L E IV.

The MONKEY and the CAT.

WHEN fools, or coxcombs get in fav'our,
 How insolent is their behaviour.

Once on a time, as story goes,
 The Monkey and the Cat were foes;
 Their quarrel from this first began,
 Which was of service most to man;
Grimalkin spoke in humble strain,
 But *pug* was haughty, pert and vain,

And

And as the fav'rite of his lady,
 To vindicate himself was ready ;
 He beg'd the youthful blooming fair,
 The different claims of each to hear ;
 And candidly to give her vote,
 As reason and as justice ought.

First then he beg'd she would consider,
 What various services he did her ;
 When spleen or vapours had possess'd her,
 Or any other ill distress'd her,
 How often he had banish'd care,
 And made her gay and debonair ;
 Made the dull moments glide away,
 And charm'd her all the live-long day ;
 'Till night invited beaux, and belles,
 With cards and other *baggatelles* ;
 Yet even then when luck went cross,
 And palid looks proclaim'd her loss :
 If drops and Lucy were not near,
 He'd sav'd her fainting in her chair ;
 With other things a mighty train,
 Which to repeat would seem too vain ;
 But above all his quality,
 And education *a Paris*,
 That England never could produce,
 An animal so smart, so spruce,

C.

That

That ladies of the highest station,
Kept *Monkeys* for their conversation.

The honest *Cat*, who all this while,
Had mark'd his puffing florid stile ;
With zeal inflam'd, now rear'd her head,
And modestly assuming, said ;
“ The *arts* you boast, all must confess,
“ Are merely trifles, more or less ;
“ Mine as they are to good conduce,
“ And surely must be of some use :
“ From vermin clear, I keep the house,
“ Destroy the pilfering rat and mouse ;
“ The granery, garden, kitchen own,
“ My various parts to each well known,
“ My quality I lay aside,
“ But that I'm *English* is my pride.
“ Impartially the lady heard,
“ And pug was beat and puss prefer'd.”

F A B L E V.

The MILLER and his WIFE.

HE who with certainty, would find
The depth and scope of woman's mind,
Must judge not by external shew,
From what they say or what they do ;

But

But he who'd construe all their aims,
Must do't as witches say their prayers.

A Miller once, an honest man !
(That's honest as a miller can)
Had a smart wife of goodly parts,
In homely necessary arts ;
Could wash and scower, and brew, and bake,
Pies, puddings, tarts, and custards make ;
Would smile and curtsy to her neighbours,
And speak so sweetly, " speed your labours."
While every gossip in the vale
Admir'd her cleanly fardingale ;
The village, all alike, consented,
To think the Miller liv'd contented ;
But, did he so ? have patience, friend,
And form your judgment by the end.

The morning rose, serene and clear,
She hasted to the river near,
To bleach and whiten some new linen,
Reported of her own hands spinning :
Somehow or other in the fell,
The truth no one alive can tell ;
For want of aid departed life,
So honest Joseph lost his wife.

What could he do in such a state,
 But calmly own the will of fate ?
 For we are taught, and should believe,
 'Tis insignificant to grieve ;
 And once resign'd once lost our breath,
 Nothing can ope the jaws of death ;
 With good, or ill we must dispence—
 'Tis all the will of providence.
 Now mark—to find the body drown'd,
 The Miller cast his eyes around :
 And what, no doubt, most strange may seem,
 Direct contrary to the stream ;
 Of all he met enquiry made,
 When thus a clown his progress staid :
 “ Zure the Mon's mad, or else a foal,
 To find her zo's against all rule ;
 The way the current flows go seek,
 She'll scarcely float this way to week.”

The Miller cry'd, “ thou simple oaf,
 Give o'er thy sneering, cease to scoff ;
 Thou wert n'er married in thy life——
 The corse I seek was once my wife ;
 And, surely, with all deference due,
 I knew her better far than you.
 From the first hour she was my bride,
 She went against both wind and tide ;
 Noisy, untoward, sulky, fly,
 Pleasant when any one was by :

From

From whence she gain'd the name of civil,
 But I alone still found her devil ;
 Conceited, discontented, vain,
 Her only pleasure others pain.
 She'd prove, disprove, swear wrong was right,
 What now was black, anon was white.
 Just as it pleas'd her inclination,
 To foment broils and breed vexation ;
 To tell her dogged humours clear,
 Would take me up at least a year.
 Then think not I am mad, or dream,
 To seek her now against the stream :
 I know it, from her ways in life,
 This is the way to find my wife."
 —The astonish'd clown at length confess'd,
 That way to find her was the best ;
 But cry'd, if all be true you've said,
 I'd seek her not, alive or dead.

F A B L E VI.

*The Cock, the Goose, and other
Birds.*

ALL who attentive read the papers,
 Must sure observe what puffs and vapours,
 Of this, and that, and that and this,
 What is, and what is not amiss ;

Of who is worst, and who is best,
 Of who's despis'd, and who's carest,
 What turns and windings round about,
 Of who is in, and who is out :
 Yet half these know not what they mean,
 Much less who moves the state machine ;
 What ends they have, what quaint design,
 To raise, depress, or undermine :
 Why one's degraded to a clod,
 Why one's exalted to a God.
 Yet those in politics renown'd,
 Who view the wheel of state around,
 Declare, and I believe them right,
 Hid from the vulgar's prying sight,
 'Tis owing to some secret spring,
 Perhaps the favorite of a king.

To stop dispute, if I am able,
 I'll clear the point—attend the fable.
 A Goose, as wise as Goose could be,
 Penn'd closely up, with other poultry,
 Began, with self-sufficient air,
 Her worth and consequence declar'd ;
 “ Tho' other Birds may give a loose
 To mirth, and call me cackling goose,
 Yet sure a Goose must have some parts,
 Or why this feeding, why these arts ?
 Why all this care to stuff and cram me,
 I'll be no more their make-game, d—n me.

I'll keep my dignity and state,
 Man knows my worth—I seldom prate ;
 But when things are so very plain,
 A Goose may speak and not be vain.

A smart young Cock, who heard her prating,
 And his own worth was just debating,
 With martial steps and haughty crest,
 Approach'd, and thus the Goose address'd :
 Was man to act with justice due,
 I should be treated thus, not you ;
 In ease and safety I should feed,
 And not such things as you, indeed :
 My note is heard o'er all the lawn,
 I rouse the shepherd with the dawn,
 The daring kite I force to fly,
 And all the neighbouring cocks defy.

The farmer now, voracious finner,
 Considering what to have for dinner,
 Began to think the Goose was fitt'd,
 By this time to be killed and spitt'd ;
 So did not hesitate, or stand fir,
 But twist'd off the neck of *Anser*.

The Cock now fill'd the Goose's place,
 And strutted with no little grace ;
 Well pleas'd within his scanty room,
 To think the fool had met her doom.

But

But ah ! how short is earthly state,
 Fatted, he met the Goose's fate !
 And, unlamented, undeplor'd,
 He smoak'd with bacon on the board,
 The Turkey then filled up his room,
 And shortly met the self same doom.

So 'tis, alas ! in human things,
 With slaves to minister or kings ;
 One fills a happy place to day,
 The next for something hastes away ;
 Another him succeeds in place,
 Unheedful of the like disgrace ;
 But some ill luck soon comes to spite 'em,
 Thus on they go *ad infinitum*.

F A B L E VII.

The FORTUNE-TELLER.

HOW many ways deceit can find ;
 T'impose, alas ! on human kind.

In antique dress, with length of beard,
 Faustus, the conjurer, appear'd ;
 Austere his look ; a taper wand
 Most awful dignify'd his hand :

With

With globes and telescopes around
 His room proclaim'd his skill profound ;
 Loud was his fame, both far and near,
 And all to Faustus would repair.
 For wishing nymphs he soon would find
 A husband wealthy, handsome, kind ;
 And for th' ambitious he would fix
 A coronet, a coach and six.
 He'd give the avaritious store,
 And food and raiment to the poor.
 In short, whatever their degree,
 He'd suit their wishes to a T.
 Pleas'd, they reported never sure
 A man so wise was known before.

Invited by his general fame
 Among the rest, *Lorenzo*, came ;
 And having heard his babbling stuff,
 Accosted Faustus something rough.
 " Thou wretch, what punishment is due
 To one so very vile as you ;
 Who with most scandalous pretence
 Cheat people of their gold and sense ;
 Canst thou by human art explain
 The links in Providence's chain ?
 Canst thou declare the Almighty's will,
 And tell our fortune good or ill ?
 The pillory or bridewell should
 Declare your wisdom to the crowd."

D

" Your

" Your warmth (quoth Faustus) 'tis confess,
 Appears at present somewhat just ;
 Consider calmly ; you'll agree
 The fault's in them, and not in me.
 Of all the fools that here attend,
 To gain a Fortune is their end.
 And were I mad enough to deal
 The Blanks from out of Fortune's wheel,
 They'd say my skill was all a sham,
 And I as great a fool as them."

F A B L E VIII.

The POET and the BOOKSELLER.

OF all the various kinds of woe
 The Gods on wretched mortals throw,
 How great his curse, how great his crime,
 Who's blasted with the itch of rhyme.
 Struck with the muse's various lore,
 The Grecian and the Roman store,
 Young Stanza, eager for a name,
 And emulous to gain their fame,
 Now thrëw aside the civil laws,
 And only tryed the muse's cause.

Shall

Shall I, the youth enraptur'd cry'd,
Shall I such paltry trash abide?

Pleas, declarations, hence adieu
Eternally—I've done with you.

A nobler theme my soul's possess'd ;

I feel it warm my tuneful breast ;

The charming Goddesses of song

Have rais'd me from the vulgar throng.

Come then, ye virgins, heavenly fair,

With flowing vests, and graceful air,

Come, with your ever tuneful lyres,

And warm me with poetic fires ;

My soul is yours—assist my lays :

To you I dedicate my days.

O lead me to your fragrant bow'rs,

O'er arch'd with never dying flow'rs.

Attentive let me hear with thee

The brooks soft lulling harmony ;

Or trace with you the landskips gay,

Where fawns and lambkins sport and play,

O come, ye sweet Parnassion throng,

And ravish with sublimest song.

Whether the muses might regard

This invocation of the bard,

Remains a doubt ; but this is plain—

He dropt the law-directing pen.

Ventris and Coke no more are read ;
 But Pope, or Dryden in their stead,
 And odes on Chloe's lips and eyes
 His friends with wonder much surprize ;
 Partial, or blind, they all would praise
 The youthful bard's poetic lays.
 But ah ! his little substance spent,
 As soon those friends grew discontent,
 Nor song, nor ode could calm their ire,
 But all was fury, rage and fire.

They talk'd of prudence, men of parts,
 What were the money-getting arts ;
 That wit and poetry forsooth
 Had ruined many a hopeful youth,
 Discarded by those loving friends
 That used to serve his needful ends.
 His cloaths and all that he could spare
 Soon took their flight—the Lord knows where,
 And now his dress began to shew
 A bard indeed ! *in statu quo* ;
 Not like the antients so renown'd,
 His head with laurels wreath'd around,
 With flowing gown and sandal'd feet—
 The fancied dress for poets meet :
 But rags that flutter'd in the wind,
 The gift of Fortune most unkind.

Sage sung the bard, in language sweet,
 " Our first great passion is to eat."

For hunger now first prompts his brain
 To try the bibliopolitan train ;
 And with a poem, fairly wrought,
 In haste the much-fam'd Quarto fought—
 Quarto, a second Curl in town,
 Whose modest puffing well was known ;
 Talk'd much of sciences and arts,
 Encouragement to men of parts ;
 Told him he'd read his poem o'er,
 And none, if good, should give him more,
 Bid him to call on Monday, then
 He'd tell him when to call again.
 Stanza took leave, full-well content,
 And ponder'd on the great event,
 When praise and fortune should repay
 Unkind and fickle fortune's sway.

At length, behold the ruddy dawn
 Brings on the jocund long-wish'd morn.
 But oh the dire accident ! the muse
 With sorrow tells the dismal news :
 Unlucky business had decreed
 His poem to remain unread.

O Providence, thou source divine,
 What praises and what thanks are thine !
 No friends nor money Stanza had,
 But all depended on thy aid ;
 And surely thou must be his friend,
 Who could a fortnight round attend,
 Or else, cameleon-like, declare
 He liv'd that time upon the air.

Quarto at length gave him this answer,
 I've been considering all I can, fir—
 Poems at present a'nt the thing,
 Tho' fine as Homer you could sing :—
 Had it but been a little smart,
 I'd been your chap with all my heart.
 Against the *doctrine* of the land,
 Or *government*, I'd had a hand.
 Those are the things at present sell ;
 They suit the people's humour well,

F A B L E IX.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

TWO Brothers, Jack and Tom by name,
 To try their luck, to London came :
 Their fortunes were indeed but small ;
 Some forty shillings ! that was all,

Which

Which they as frugally bestow'd,
 In their expences on the road ;
 And many a scanty meal they made,
 Nor were to drinking yet betray'd,

One day the elder thus began,
 " Tis necessary that some plan
 We fix on, brother, as we go ;
 How we're to act, and what to do.
 London, I've heard my Father say,
 Is full of sharpers, who betray
 The artless stranger——Let us then
 Be wary in our choice of men,
 Let's manage all we get with skill,
 Prudence anticipates each ill ;
 In womens company be nice,
 For wenching is a horrid vice !
 I own, if Fortune crown my life,
 I mean to make some girl my wife ;
 Some innocent industrious fair,
 Who'll make her home and me her care ;
 Whose brain has ne'er been set a madding,
 For ever after pleasure gadding,
 Occasion'd by superior breeding,
 And the curs'd itch of novel-reading.
 That home can ne'er be happy sure,
 Where coxcombs loiter round the door :

Yet

Yet such the case with all those asses,
 Who marry high-flown, town bred lasses,
 Let me have one with rosy fist,
 Who'll fight and struggle e'er be kiss'd;
 Whose education is but small,
 The better——if she's none at all;
 In family affairs proceed——
 What need a woman learn to read?"

Tom heard him out, and thus reply'd,
 I shall not chuse for you a bride;
 And, if it e'er should be my fate,
 To venture on a married state,
 I do expect, dear Jack, that you
 In that case will be silent too.
 Then be our fate, or bliss or shame,
 We cannot one another blame.
 The advise you give I don't despise,
 Nor doubt your conduct will be wise.
 My temper long you've known to be
 Compos'd of too much levity;
 One thing I always have design'd,
In what I can to please my mind."

Thus as they talk, to town they come;
 To town, their long intended home;
 Some days they spent in seeing sights;
 Strange things, that every clown delights;
 The

The Abbey, Wax-work, and the rest,
 Too much to be in rhyme express;
 Then bade adieu to all such toys,
 And bus'ness now each mind employs.

Jack was industrious at his trade,
 Pursu'd the very plan he laid;
 Early and late he ply'd his work,
 And toil'd like any galley Turk;
 Spent little, hoarded up his pelf,
 Thought none so——prudent as himself.

Tom he pursu'd a different way;
 Would sometimes work—and sometimes play;
 Kept company, would drink and sing,
 Would toast his mistress, or—the king:
 Whate'er he got with ease he spent,
 Yet liv'd a life of great content.

Jack, as he had before design'd,
 Meeting a female to his mind,
 With great dispatch the bus'ness carry'd,
 And in a little time was married.

Nor was Tom long behind-hand found,
 But in the chains of Hymen bound.

Suppose the honey-moon is o'er;
 A month, or two, perhaps, or more :
 Let's pay to each a friendly visit,
 And ask the lads, in turn, *How is it?*

Jack swears he's had a precious catch,
 The devil himself made up his match :
 His wife is sottish, fluttish, proud ;
 Her tongue, like any mill-clack, loud !
 She horns him, scorns him, robs him, beats him ;
 And every way that's bad, she treats him ;
 While he t' avoid continual strife,
 And all the plague of such a wife,
 Flies to the bottle for relief,
 And drowns his senses with his grief.
 A course he never thought to take,
 He lives—a drunkard, and a rake !

Tom hath a different method took,
 His former follies all forsook ;
 He does not even wish to roam,
 But finds contentment all at home :
 The girl allotted to his care,
 Is prudent, sensible and fair ;
 A foe to all domestic strife ;
 A loving, gentle, frugal wife.

But

But what's all this to me, I pray ?
 Methinks I hear the reader say :
 What's Tom, or Jack, to you or I,
 What moral does your tale imply ;
 To what can all this rhiming tend ?
 Have patience, and I'll tell you friend.

Jack, who took prudence for a guide,
 Was yet unhappy in a bride ;
 And all his plodding schemes, you see,
 Produc'd him nought but misery :
 While careless Tom is blest by fate,
 And truly happy in a mate.
 Extend the subject thro' all life,
 Not only in one thing—a wife ;
 In all, 'tis so !—the man who strives
 To do the best, still badly thrives ;
 While he who does not care a pin
 Whether in life he loose or win,
 Without the famous wishing-cap,
 Shall have dame Fortune in his lap.
 From this, I think my friend, you'll find
 That fate and fortune both are blind.

F A B L E X.

The LINNET and the THRUSH.

TWAS in the merry month of May,
 When nature all around is gay;
 When Flora calls the nymphs and swains
 To scent the fragrance of the plains;
 When no observer else was by,
 But fancy and the poet's eye:
 Two birds, a Linnet and a Thrush,
 Perch'd on a wide spread May-blown bush,
 Pour'd forth the softest, sweetest lays,
 That e'er were form'd to female praise,
 While Echo, to the distant grove,
 Convey'd the tender song of love.

The song was hush'd, the Linnet cry'd
 (And hung her downy head and sigh'd)
 How hard the fate of us poor birds,
 Who want the aid of human words;
 The Poet, if to nature true,
 Is but a type of me and you,
 Yet letters consecrate his name,
 His songs must fill the trump of fame,

While

While we are doom'd to die and rot,
Our plumage lost, our songs forgot.

Ah! cease this moan the Thrush reply'd,
To covet fame is empty pride,
The silliest bird that wings the wood
Still thinks his song as your's is good;
And so, among the human race,
Each empty head and vacant face,
Who loses three parts of his time
In torturing harmless sense to rhyme,
Thinks that with Whitehead, Macon, Grey,
That he as well can form the lay,
And fools enough there will be found,
To echo all their nonsense round,
'Till death advancing, seals their eyes,
And then their turgid volume dies.
—Once snar'd, I trod the human stage,
Parading in a narrow cage,
'Till careless Nelly set me free,
Left ope the door to liberty;
Yet many things, I understood,
Were to our reputations good,
Our songs they learn, our parts improve;
And treat us with the tenderest love;
Our make, our plumage too they prize,
And paint us in our various dies;

One

One Spackman, blest with so much art,
 He copies us in every part;
 In nature's colours still we shine,
 And all but life's in the design,
 Whilst Emulation swells the mind,
 And music's lov'd by human kind,
 So long, sweet bird ! will last your praise,
 So long be priz'd the Linner's lays :
 Among our fellows of the wood,
 Our parts will ne'er be understood ;
 " No poet can abide a brother* ;
 " Wits are game-cocks to one another."

F A B L E XI,

The Fox and Dog.

WHEN leading-strings are thrown aside,
 And youth first takes the manly stride,
 Fly from a tender parent's care
 To view the world, to gape and stare ;
 'Tis necessary each should know
 Into what company they go.

The

* See Gay's Fables,

The proverb shews, time out of mind,
 " As the twig's bent, the tree's inclin'd,"
 And various characters, 'tis known,
 Fill up this motly scene, the town;
 Pimps, whores, bawds, tumblers, liars;
 Dukes, earls and lords, knights, jockey-squires;
 Quacks, lawyers, parsons, grave physicians;
 Bum-bailiffs, patriots, politicians;
 Cheats, gamblers, various avocations,
 And some without denominations;
 An idle, aukward, fauntering race,
 Born only just to fill up space;
 Their task assign'd from year to year,
 To carry so much atmosphere,
 Fools without number, men of sense,
 Plac'd here and there by providence;
 Among this number, who can chuse?
 How pick the good, the bad refuse?
 By what criterion? by reason,
 Think all are bad—To think's no treason;
 Their manners will in time explain
 The secret workings of the brain;
 If good, then make that man your friend;
 If bad, detest him as a fiend:
 By care and study sense is caught,
 And ills proceed from want of thought.

A mastiff puppy left his fire,
 To see the world—a strong desire,
 With whimsies strange his mind possess,
 To be by all the brutes carest;
 The tyger, pard, the bull, the bear,
 He sought and went with every where;
 Monkeys, baboons, and monsters strange,
 By turns he knew in fancy's range;
 At length a cunning fox he knew,
 From day to day his friendship grew,
 In all his actions took a part,
 And own'd him nearest to his heart.

It happen'd once upon a day,
 As near a farm they took their way,
 Sly Reynard, with an artful leer,
 Cry'd halt, d'ye see yon poultry there?
 Your friendship I can never doubt,
 Your every act has made it out;
 I long for turkey, goose, or chicken;
 A fowl, you know, is pretty picking!
 Thro' yonder hole you'll pop unseen,
 And bring—you know, friend, what I mean;
 For reasons you in time shall know——
 At present I don't care to go;
 Hard by—if aught should make resistance,
 I'll instant fly to your assistance.

The

The Dog, to friendship strictly true,
 Did as the Fox had bid him do ;
 Caught in the gin he call'd for aid,
 While Reynard to the covert made,
 And left his friend, in grief and shame,
 To stand the brunt and bear the blame.

The rope was stretched across the beam,
 When Tray began to howl and scream ;
 With such a look bewail'd his case,
 The farmer freed him from disgrace ;
 Yet drubb'd him smartly in a trice,
 And left him with this good advice.
 " Go, puppy ! seek your fire again,
 And all bad company refrain ;
 From this unnatural compact,
 Observe to think before you act."

F A B L E XII.

The LEGACY.

CRUSH'D down by time's all-withering
 power,
 Sophronious saw the approaching hour ;]

F

Yet,

Yet, e're death gave his dread command,
He call'd his sons—around they stand.

My children hear what I advise,
A treasure in the vineyard lies ;
Deep in the earth from mortal view,
A fortune that's preserv'd for you.

Here sunk the sage ; the youthful race
Now ponder'd where cou'd be the place,
But with no certainty possest,
To dig it all they thought was best.

Now with the lark their work began,
And ended with the setting sun ;
Day after day their toil they held,
Day after day their hopes beguil'd.

Their work was done, the vineyard round
They dug ; no treasure there was found ;
Baulk'd in their hopes, with labour spent,
They wonder'd what their father meant,

At length behold the circling year
The sage's meaning made appear ;
The vines, by far, more fruitful grew,
More fine the grâpes appear'd in view.

When one, much wiser than the other,
Accosted thus, his sighing brother :
The mystery is at length reveal'd,
The treasure is no more conceal'd.

Behold,

Behold, the loaded branches; see,
That is our father's legacy ;
The digging was to cultivate,
And nourish their declining state.

Give to their sap a new recruit,
The treasure is their bearing fruit.
From this, I think, I may be able
To give a moral to the fable.

Whate're the station sent by fate,
Observe it well to cultivate;
Your store with certainty you'll measure,
For industry will bring a treasure.

S O N G I.

AS yet a youth, and unbetray'd,
 I fought the rural throng;
 The purling stream, the cooling shade,
 Inspir'd my artless song.
 How happy then each moment past,
 No envy, passion, strife,
 Till folly's cloud my mind o'ercast,
 And whisper'd thus—See life!

Adieu the grove! adieu the plain!
 Adieu the purling stream!
 No more your charms can entertain,
 No more must be my theme:
 The town a different scene will prove,
 Where pleasure's always rise:
 Where bucks and bloods, and wine and love,
 Fill up the span of life.

Hark! Comus calls to midnight joys,
 Where Circe fills her'cup;
 This thought alone each mind employs,
 "Kill time, and keep it up."

For

For this the cit his counter quits,
 And lonesome leaves his wife,
 With sots and noisy wou'd-be wits,
 For what? —for—seeing life.

Yet, ah! how vain this strange desire!
 How vague the joys they share!
 The bowl enfeebles nature's fire,
 And folly brings forth care.
 A thousand ills attendant wait,
 The pistol, sword, or knife,
 And all the hours of future fate
 Are kill'd by seeing life.

Adieu the town! such joys I leave
 To spendthrifts, knaves and cheats;
 For decent mirth can ne'er deceive,
 And prudence has more sweets.
 The grove, the shade, I'll seek again,
 And chuse an artless wife,
 Content to grace my cot shall deign:
 Adieu to seeing life.

S O N G II.

Sung by Mr. DEARLE, at Finch's Grotto-
 Gardens.

THE philosophers, moralists, poets, and
 those
 Who have left their opinions in verse and in
 prose,

Fine.

Fine lessons have taught, tho' not all understood,
 Yet entirely meant, I dare say, for our good ;
 The chiefest of which we may readily scan,
 That our time here below is no more than a span.

The assertion is just, if with reason we view,
 Mortality constantly shews us 'tis true ;
 Then to fill up this trifle of being below,
 Is a doctrine, I think, which we all ought to know :

For a moment attend to my song, if you can,
 And I'll teach the best method to fill up the span.

Leave the parson to preach, and the pedant to prate,

The poet to scribble, the statesman to fate ;
 The bully to bluster, the valiant to fight,
 The lawyer to wrangle of wrong and of right ;
 Their bus'ness is not in the course of my plan,
 With matter more pleasing I'll fill up the span.

Mirth, beauty and wine, shall prepare ye a feast,
 And smiling good humour bid welcome each guest ;

'Tis a banquet suits only the jovial and gay ;
 Let the grave, the morose, and the dull keep away :

Inspid

Insipid by nature, they'll like not the plan;
 So just as they chuse—let them fill up the span.

To a couch deck'd for pleasure let beauty be
 led,

With roses and lilies all careless o'erspread;
 Let the soft breathing flute to her murmurings
 join,

When love melts on her bosom in raptures di-
 vine:

That this is true pleasure deny it who can;
 And this is the method to fill up the span.

Let good-humour, as president, sit in the chair,
 And ruddy-fac'd Bacchus, with Momus, ap-
 pear;

Let the full flowing goblet go chearfully round,
 And the heart-lifting song to the Heavens re-
 sound;

Let all in full Chorus approve of the plan,
 And own this the method to fill up the span.

S O N G I I I .

GOOD people be silent, Ize come from the
 West,
 Trick'd out, as you zee, in my holiday vest;
 The

The cause of my journey, Ize quickly unfold,
My journey, that's cost me vive pounds of hard
gold:

From coachmen——and people of greater re-
nown,
I had heard many stories of London fine town.

They talk'd of the Playhouse, the Wells, and
all that,

The Tower, St. Paul's, and the lord he knows
what;

Of shows and of sights, of queens and of kings,
Of the Abbey, the wax-work, and other fine
things,

While I, in their company, look'd like a clown,
Because I knew nothing of London fine town.

Oddsniggers, thought I, but this must not be zo,
Let it cost what it will I to London will go;

Zo I zaddled old Dobbin, zet out a zmart trot,
Determin'd to go while my fancy was hot;
And when I return, Zirs, Ize bet you a crown,
Ize talk with the best of London fine town.

My Dobbin and I in zix days got zafe in,
Tho' tir'd and dirty I car'd not a pin;
I rested, refresh'd, then boldly set out,
To zee and be zeen, and to gaza all about

Yet,

Yet, Ifacks, many times I'd like to have been
down,

They push'd me about zo in London fine town.

Howe'er I went on, and beheld in my range
Many wonderful things, that were strange, very
strange!

Yet, under the rose, among many things good
There be zome that by me are not quite under-
stood:

Zuch gaming! zuch wenching!——I am but a
clown,

And these may be common in London fine
town.

At last I have finish'd my fancy's desire,
The tumbler I've zeen, and the man on the
wire;

The Harlequin too, all zo nimble and neat,
And the zingers that are more than nightingales
sweet;

Zo Ize mount my old Dobbin and trot away
down,

And zend you some others——to zee London
town.

S O N G IV.

WHILE others ask for wealth or state,
 Think to be happy's to be great,
 And vainly swell with pride,
 Give me, ye Gods ! I ask no more,
 Of riches a sufficient store,
 T' enjoy my fire-side.

Let temperance my butler wait,
 Prudence stand porter at my gate,
 With Charity ally'd ;
 A friend to chat away an hour,
 To cheat old time's encreasing pow'r,
 By a happy fire-side.

Let smiling Delia too be there,
 No friend so pleasing as the fair,
 With tenderness supply'd ;
 How sweet, where no domestic strife,
 The faithful husband, gentle wife,
 By a happy fire-side.

My offspring, if such Heaven permit,
 In smiling innocence to sit,
 My pleasure and my pride ;

While

While in each infant's glowing face,
 Their mother's sweetness all I trace,
 By a happy fire-side.

Let malice shoot her poison'd darts,
 While social love entwines our hearts,
 No slander shall divide;
 Thro' life I'll steal without a sigh,
 Our love shall every wish supply,
 By a happy fire-side.

S O N G V.

Sung by Mr. Lowe at Marybone Gardens.

AMONG all the arts which to please we
 pursue,
 Our surest success still attends on what's new,
 'Tis novelty pleases alike one and all,
 From the high to the low, the great and the
 small;
 To your services bound, to your pleasures still
 true,
 We humbly now offer you, something that's
 new.

To obtain this great point, tho' often we try,
 Our flower drest sonnets soon languish and die;
 The soft arts of love, and the heroes due praise,
 Have long been worn out, and unfit for our lays,
 Yet still as your pleasure is all we've in view,
 What we offer at present, we hope will be new.

Ye wits and ye critics, ye belles and ye beaux,
 Ye lovers of wine, and ye lovers of cloaths;
 Ye lovers of women, of tattle, of wit,
 To each, and to all, our song is now writ;
 To please all alike we endeavour to do,
 And that you'll agree will be new, very new.

When the wits cease to censure the unthinking
 age,

When critics in praise of the moderns engage;

When fops cease admiring their dress and their
 parts,

When belles cease their ogling and angling for
 hearts,

When the toper his bottle shall cease to pursue,

You all will agree this is new, very new.

When gamesters grow honest and quit cards and
 dice,

When prudes shall cease calling of wenching a
 vice,

When

When tattlers shall cease at each other to rail,
And truth, honest truth, shall o'er scandal pre-
vail ;

When all married folks, to each other are true,
You will readily cry, this is new, very new.

When the laughter shall cease to be pleas'd with
a joak,

When the courage of braggarts shall cease to be
smoak,

When misers forget their old hoards to encrease,

When party and rage, thro' the nation shall cease,

When all this shall happen, I doubt not but you,

Will strait clap your hands, and allow this is new.

S O N G VI.

HOW happy a shepherd was I !
My cot with contentment was blest,
Ere, Delia sweet maid passed by !

Ere Cupid, had wounded my breast.
With the lark in the morning I rose,

My flock to attend all the day,
At night, ah ! how sweet my repose :

But Delia, has stole it away.

How

How dismal, alas ! is the change
 I tumble and sigh ! all the night,
 How dull o'er the meadows I range,
 No prospect can yield me delight.
 My pipe I've thrown careless away,
 My songs I have almost forgot,
 Oh ! Delia—I sigh all the day,
 But Delia, alas ! hears me not.

The woodland, the meadow and grove,
 How oft has re-echo'd my song ;
 Wou'd Delia attend to my love,
 I'd sing to her all the day long :
 My pipe is esteem'd by each swain,
 Alexis has spoke in its praise !
 With mirth it has oft fill'd the plain,
 Perhaps she has heard of my lays :—

But vainly I hope for such bliss,
 My fate is too lowly for her ;
 Yet sure she can't take it amiss,
 If my passion I strive to prefer :
 Tho' humble—a shepherd I'm born—
 Her goodness with that may dispence,
 My lowliness can't be her scorn,
 For Delia has candour and sense.

Like

Like others I never have rov'd,

O Venus ! attend to my prayer,
'The charmer, I saw and I lov'd !

O ! make her as kind as she's fair.

Yet ah ! if some happier swain,

The nymph may have heard with delight ;

Ah ! then I am doom'd to complain ;

Ye shepherds, oh ! pity my plight.

I'll put off this rustic attire,

And dress in my Sunday array,

The swains oft my person admire,

And call me young Colin the gay !

'Tis a folly to sigh and complain,

Perhaps I may not be too late ;

She may not have fix'd on a swain ;

I'll go—and enquire my fate.

S O N G VII.

FOR Chloe long had Damon sigh'd,
And knel't, and swore, and pray'd, and
cry'd,

Nay, did the Lord knows what !

Insensible to all his pain,

She boasted that he wore her chain

And made it—common chat.—

What

What ere he did, what ere he spoke,
She turn'd to ridicule and joke,
Or never gave him hearing :
At length worn out, he left the chace,
Swore he no more would see her face—
But what's a lover's swearing.

The cunning nymph with female art
Now play'd upon his yielding heart,
And smil'd with approbation :
The simple gudgeon snap'd the bait,
Eager again embrac'd his fate,
And doats to admiration.

S O N G . VIII.

Sung by Mr. DEARL at Finch's Grotto Gardens.

WHEN first simple Strephon perceiv'd that
his heart,
Was touch'd by young Cupid's invincible dart,
Tho' urg'd by his passion the nymph to pursue,
His courage cou'd only say--*how d'ye do.*
Observing

Observing this freedom not taken amiss,
 He ventur'd her lips to salute with a kiss,
 Then vow'd that such pleasure before he ne'er
 knew,
 And kiss'd her again, with a—*how d'ye do.*

Grown bold with success he soon beg'd of the
 fair,
 To take a walk with him—it matters not where,
 When some how or other, 'tis certainly true,
 He tickled her heart with a—*how d'ye do.*

Well pleas'd with the frolick they every day,
 Pass their time in repeating the amorous play;
 But when he's too faint the soft sport to renew,
 She archly will cry out—pray *how d'ye do?*

Take the hint all ye youths who now suffer love's
 smart,
 With courage pursue if you'd gain the nymphs
 heart,
 By sighing and whining you'll ne'er bring them
 to,
 Then briskly advance with a—*how d'ye do.*

S O N G IX.

THE lads and the lasses all jocund were seen,
With music and mirth round the pole on
the green,

The lambkins were sporting all nature was gay,
To welcome the kindly return of the May :

When Doll, who was curs'd both with envy and
years,

Her head, by old time, silver'd o'er with grey
hairs,

From the youths and their sport sought retreat in
the vale,

And thus pray'd for any thing—*rather than fail.*

Ye powers who saw me once blithsome and
young,

How graceful I danc'd and how sweetly I sung,

My charms all subduing, each bard would re-
hearse,

My beauty alone was the subject of verse ;

Each youth, with a sigh, would his passion un-
fold,

Tho' now they have left me grown wrinkled and
old ;

With the ears of compassion attend to my tale,

And let me have any thing—*rather than fail.*

How

How silly was I in the days of my youth,
 My follies forgive, since I own them with truth,
 When lovers were plenty, I thought, to be sure,
 I still might be certain of one in a score !
 But, ah ! as my charms, so their passions decay'd,
 And greatly I fear I shall die an old maid ;
 Oh ! pity my case, let my pleading prevail,
 And send me but any thing—*rather than fail.*

Ye virgins now gay in the spring of your charms,
 Who, vainly coquetting, give many alarms,
 Let prudence advice and take place of your pride,
 To one give your hand and become a chaste bride ;
 The pleasures of Hymen partake in your prime,
 And thus by your conduct anticipate time,
 Lest you all like poor Dolly grown ancient and
 pale,
 Petition for any thing—*rather than fail.*

S O N G X.

ATTEND now my muse,
 To the subject I chuse ;
 A subject that none can explode,
 For the great and the small,
 Must approve one and all,
 The song that is taste alamode.

See the wits of the age,
 With fury engage,
 In politicks dangerous road ;
 But the reason is plain,
Entre nous 'tis their gain,
 Beside, Sir, 'tis taste alamode.

See a jockey's dress grace
 My Lord at the race,
 That this is absurd is allow'd,
 No matter for that,
 His lordship cries pat,
 You must own it is taste alamode.

Will ye trip to the park,
 Where the wife meets her spark,
 While poor cornute at home's safe bestow'd ;
 O fye ! this is wrong ;
 No matter, my song
 Shall set it down taste alamode.

To Vaux hall will you go ?
 Where the belle and the beaux,
 To see and be seen thither crowd,
 My dear pretty miss,
 Will you ?—fie, Sir, what kifs ?
 Why kissing is taste alamode !

Yon cit next behold,
 All be-lac'd o'er with gold
 Like Phaeton drive on the road ;
 If you see in the news,
 He's a bankrupt—the muse
 Declares th at is taste alamode.

See yon critic whose rage,
 Spares nor youth, sex or age,
 Who deal in song, satire or ode,
 Should the pedant damn mine,
 I shall not repine,
 Since damning is taste alamode.

Now let each beau or wit,
 Wife, belle, lord, or cit,
 On whom I the verse have bestow'd ;
 Raise their voice to the praise,
 Of the bard and the lays,
 Which are written in taste alamode.

S O N G XI.

POOOR Celia fell sick and look'd wonderful
 bad
 Which greatly alarm'd both her mammy and dad,
 The

The cause of her illness no one could come nigh,
For all that, she said, was alas ! I shall die.

The doctor was sent for, and came in all haste,
In desperate cases there's no time to waste ;
He smelt of his cane, and he turn'd up his eye
Yet Celia said doctor, alas ! I shall die.

He next felt her pulse, cry'd, hem, and then, ha !
And canvast in thought o'er the physical law,
Paracelsus, or *Galen*, could not shew him why,
A damsel so young should complain she should
die.

Secur'd of his *fee* he resolv'd to prescribe,
The *fee* the chief end of the physical tribe,
With his pills and his potions oblig'd to comply,
She took—yet continued, alas ! I shall die.

Brisk Damon, a youth of great natural skill,
As soon as he heard that poor Celia was ill,
With the wings of a lover unto her did fly,
And whisper'd, my dearest, my Celia shan't die.

He press'd, she consented, next day they were
wed,
And her cheeks with their former sweet bloom
is o'er spread,

The

The pleasures of Hymen relumine her eye,
And Celia, thank God, is not likely to die.

S O N G X I I .

CLarinda coquettish and gay,
On a time was reprov'd by her aunt,
Your virtue will surely give way,
When so freely you treat a gallant.

Your actions more narrowly scan,
Consider your fortune and name,
To be seen so familiar with man,
You lay yourself open to blame.

Dear, madam, I own you are wise,
Thus pertly Clarinda reply'd,
But really it gives me surprise
To hear your fantastical pride.

When youth deck'd your cheeks with its bloom,
And nature was brisk in your veins,
I'll answer, like me, you'd presume,
To hear a fond youth breath his pains.

But

But now like the fox as we're told,
 When attraction is not in your power,
 And nature the grapes does withhold,
 Like *Reynard* you swear they are sower.

Then cease my dear madam—in truth,
 Your prating will nothing avail,
 When time has once prey'd on my youth,
 Like you then, perhaps, I may rail.

Part

Part the Second.

F A B L E I.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

To a FRIEND.

THE critics, who have long thought fit
 To rule o'er all the land of wit,
 Declare, when to a friend you're writing,
 All art is useless in inditing;
 Familiarly the verse should flow,
 Like conversation—so and so.
 That friendship sets all forms apart,
 And speaks immediate from the heart.

My Lords, the critics, here are right,
 Their power I cannot, dare not slight;
 Yet lowly to their worships bending,
 (I hope in this I'm not offending)
 'Twou'd well become those gentlemen,
 To give a little specimen;

For vague and undertermin'd yet
 Is all that they have said, or writ ;
 And most who've strove have fail'd to please,
 In that same way—to write with ease.

“ But stop, my friend,” I hear you say,
 “ What is all this to me, I pray ?
 To me, what are the critics laws,
 Their nods, their winks, their hums and haws ;
 Their scraps from authors, Greek or Latin ;
 Or their dry jokes that come so pat in ?
 Pursue your tale, I wait the end.”
 I will—but pray have patience, friend.
 Conceit, you know, still waits on youth ;
 I thought (you'll find I speak the truth)
 Like Lloy'd, Prior, Moore, or Gay,
 To write in the familiar way ;
 To lead the muse now here now there,
 Correct the mind and please the ear ;
 And happy, make the keenest satire,
 More pleasant than the best good nature,
 But soon I found my pow'rs unfit,
 Too weak, too impotent my wit :
 Yet with my verse don't bear too hard on,
 I own my fault, and beg your pardon :
 So altering my poetic scheme
 I now present you with a dream.

"A dream!—the devil!—well, adieu,

Queen Mab I find has been with you.

Such nonsense! I can never bear it!

Howe'er go on—for once, I'll hear it:

Yet if again you raise my ire,

I'll thrust your verses in the fire."

Dear Sir, believe me, now indeed

I'll be explicit, and proceed.

What time the plodding sons of care,
Full gorg'd with liquor, home repair:

What time the bucks and bloods are gay,

And o'er the bowl drive care away:

In short, 'twas twelve—with solemn sound

The watchman, hoarse convey'd it round.

Then Morpheus, with his leaden rod,

First made me wink, then made me nod;

At length I bid adieu to care,

And snor'd away in elbow chair.

Now fancy took me by the hand

Thro' all the extent of fairy land,

Thickets, woods, groves and cooling bowers,

O'er lawns, enamell'd all with flowers;

Whose odour, and whose lovely hue,

Reviv'd the sense, and pleas'd the view,

At length a mansion firm and bright,

With high rais'd turrets, struck my sight;

With many a mead and many a lawn,
 Where gambol'd many a kid and fawn ;
 Meand'ring rivers curl'd it round,
 And verdure deck'd the smiling ground.

When thus my guide—"That structure
 fair,

With all its worth, calls you its heir ;
 Ten thousand pounds it brings "*per Ann.*
 And I your steward—happy man !"
 Methought I now look'd wond'rous big,
 Had got a full-trim'd suit and wig ;
 And strutted, tho' with modest joy,
 Almost as much as *Dal*—y.

This Fortune got, I cast about,
 To think how I should lay it out :
Delia, sweet maid, came first to thought !
 I'll treat her beauties as they ought :
 This splendour sure her mind will fix ;
 I'll give her first a coach and six :
 For jointure, or for what she will,
 I'll give her all *Parnassus'* hill.
 My father too shall leave off work,
 And live as grand as any *Turk* ;
 My brothers, sisters, friends shall share it ;
 And live on venison and claret,
 And all the world around shall know it,
 This I have got by turning poet :

Tho'

Tho' I've been often blam'd as wrong,
For losing time---to write a song.

Just at this critical event,
With so much riches, so content,
My foot went bounce against the door,
And I wak'd sprawling on the floor :
My cattle all, so grand and fair,
Evaporated into air ;
And I, alas ! tho' most unwilling,
Found in my pockets—not a shilling.

F A B L E II.

The COQUET and TIME.

To a LADY.

MADAM, to you, this tale I send,
Fear not a satire from a friend,
Nor deem it insult, if the muse
The female's little slips pursues ;
I scorn a thought so mean and base,
As to offend the lovely race,
In your dear sex a charm we find,
To lull the tempests in the mind ;

To

To banish ev'ry gloomy care,
 Corrosive passions, palid fear,
 Make ev'ry hour with pleasure roll,
 And tune with harmony the soul;
 For this the friendly muse would shew
 The fatal cause of others woe,
 Where dangers lurk the paths to clear,
 And by example--warn the fair.

Clari was blest with ev'ry grace
 That dignifies the softer race,
 Not merely with a face that's fair,
 But just proportion, figure, air,
 Each pleasing, soft attractive charm,
 That can the human breast alarm.

Ye fair, of blooming charms possesst,
 Where beauty's image shines confest,
 Reflect how transient is the boast,
 The flower of a day at most,

The rose, all beauteous to the eye,
 Must shed its sweets, and quickly die;
 The lilly fragrant, fair and tall,
 Alike must fade, alike must fall;
 The circling year shall these renew,
 Restore their fragrance and their hue.

But

But tho' your blooming cheeks disclose,
 The lilly and the blushing rose,
 When by the hand of time subdu'd,
 Shall never rise like them, renew'd.

The beaux beheld Clarinda's eyes,
 And mark'd her dawning beauties rise,
 The wits began in tuneful lays,
 To circulate the fair one's praise.

Charming Clarinda, fair and young,
 Was long the burthen of each song,
 The roses hue her cheeks bedeck,
 The lillies white o'erspread her neck,
 Arabia's gale was in her breath,
 Her eyes shot flaming darts of death.

O vanity ! thou raging pest,
 Curst canker to the female breast,
 To you it is Clarinda owes
 Her various ills, her various woes ;
 Their flatt'ring tales her mind possess,
 Her glass and maid compleat the rest ;
 She takes the praise bestow'd as debt,
 And issues fort a pert coquet.

Where'er

Where'er she went, the park, the play,
 Fresh suitors crowded ev'ry day ;
 The fop, and man of sense, she heard,
 But none was to her charms preferr'd ;
 For self conceit her constant guest,
 The sole adviser of her breast,
 Her passions friend now brought its aid,
 And thus address the simple maid :

Could Heaven such charms as thine bestow,
 To bless some paultry 'squire ? no ;
 A lord, a duke, perhaps a king,
 Pomp and magnificence shall bring,
 Ermine and equipage, and state,
 While slaves obsequious on me wait.

Thus long she reign'd a giddy thing,
 The toast and rival of the ring ;
 At length her beauty ran its date,
 Who can resist the will of fate ?

O'ercast the fatal morn appear'd,
 Her paroquet was screaming heard,

Her

Her favo'rite Chloe howl'd, and all
 Gave omen of her beauty's fall ;
 Unheeding this, on play intent,
 To young Cardilla's rout she went,
 Her rivals soon perceiv'd the change,
 The witling snear'd---she thought it strange ;
 The laugh goes round, she calls her chair,
 And home precipitates the fair :
 When to her mirror strait she flies,
 And, views, alas ! with great surprize,
 Her deep sunk eyes, her wrinkled face,
 And all the cause of her disgrace.
 Oh ! cruel fate, aloud she calls,
 Then fainting, on her settee falls.
 While thus th' afflicted fair one lay,
 The God, whose power all things obey,
 With downy feet came swiftly on,
 And to his victim thus begun :

Cease, cease your tears, you weep in vain,
 Grief can't renew your charms again ;
 Did you too credulous believe
 Those charms cou'd swift-pac'd time deceive.
 Ah ! foolish hope, deluded maid,
 'Tis but a debt to me you've paid.

K

Im-

Implicit all things TIME obey,
 And own my universal sway,
 I pull the stateliest fabric down,
 E'en kings to me submit their crown;
 The medal and the hero's bust,
 By me are crumbled into dust;
 Ev'n he who takes each mortal's breath,
 Shall fall by me, I conquer death.
 And shall vain beauty's gaudy flow'r,
 Above the rest escape my power?

Ye nymphs now in your beauty's prime,
 Regard the lay, remember time.

F A B L E III.

The DEATH of GENIUS.

FROM too alert a disposition,
Genius was in a sad condition;
 Thread-bare and tatter'd were his cloaths,
 His shoes, alas! had lost their toes,
 And every thing alike seem'd fit
 To represent a needy wit.

Distresses

Distresses now, of every kind,
 Had harass'd and fatigu'd his mind
 In such a manner, that e'en health
 Became as distant too as wealth ;
 Half-starv'd, and ill, he could not bear it,
 But sought repose in lonely garret,
 When folks are sick, 'tis nothing new,
 To expect our friends, with how d'ye do ?
 Some come thro' pride and ostentation,
 And some, for sake of mere vexation,
 Shrug up their shoulders, cry, 'tis pity,
 Think to insult is to be witty.

Poor *Genius* now lay very ill,
 Without or doctor, nurse or pill ;
 When, lo ! the door wide open flew,
 A meagre form came full to view,
 With silver beard and wrinkled face,
 With solemn, yet with hasty pace ;
 And *Genius* knew by his complexion,
 This was that sage yclep'd Reflection,
 Struck with the sight, a thousand things,
 (Since first he left his leading-strings)
 Rush'd all at once upon his mind,
 And drove all peace a mile behind.

The next, a lisping ambling dame
 Came in, and *Folly* was her name,

And instantly she sought the bed,
 Where *Genius* laid his aching head,
 And whisper'd something in his ear,
 Which serv'd but to augment his care;
 Then, with a kiss, she sigh'd and cry'd,
 You surely can't forget your bride?

Another now, with loud horse-grin,
 Came without ceremony in.
 Miss Fortune this—who thus began:
 My charming youth! my dearest man!
 Tho' Folly I must own your wife,
 And has a legal right for life,
 Yet surely *Genius* can't forget
 How much he's in Miss Fortune's debt.
 When every friend had left your side,
 And even Folly, tho' your bride,
 Yet I, you know was ever near,
 To tooth your woe, and banish care:
 Then give me no unkind reply,
 With you I've liv'd, with you I'll die.

Now mad, or worse than mad, he rav'd,
 And every power divine he brav'd;
 When lo! another meagre shade,
 Like some poor antiquated maid,
 Advanc'd—Behold me here,
 A friend to all! then banish fear!

My

My name is Hope : have patience then,
 And all will soon be right again !
 Yet patience liv'd till Hope was fled,
 And left poor *Genius* almost dead,
 When Death, the only friend he had,
 Thinking his case extremely bad,
 Came on, and with a well-aim'd dart,
 Struck him at once quite thro' the heart.
 Miss Fortune, Folly, left his side,
 And *Genius* in a garret dy'd.

F A B L E IV.

The COMPLAINT of NATURE.

CALL'D by the muse the other day,
 By Fancy's aid I took my way
 To that fam'd hill, which bards of old
 Have in their works so much extoll'd ;
 Where flows the clear Pierian spring,
 Where oft the tuneful sisters sing,
 Where *Phæbus* lord in chief commands
 O'er all the wide poetic lands ;
 A palace by his *fiat* rais'd,
 Whose beauty never can be prais'd
 By mortal breath :—not all the rhyme
 Produc'd by ever-fertile time,

Can

Can paint its worth :—description fails,
 And my poor verse the least prevails.
 Ten thousand servants wait his call,
 Within the vast capacious hall ;
 Their liveries charming to the view,
 Their colours of the rainbow's hue.
 At certain seasons here he sits,
 Determining the cause of wits,
 Hears their petitions, weighs each claim,
 And makes his *patents* out for fame,

Here, with his counsellors of state,
 He sat conspicuous in debate.
 Dame *Nature* had a plaint preferr'd,
 A plaint insisted to be heard ;
 She thus began :—In days of yore
 To *Hermes* I a daughter bore,
 Whose name was *Taste*—a blooming fair !
 And educated with that care,
 Which parents, who their children love,
 Still try each talent to improve,
 'Twas her's to read each work of wit,
 And stamp the currency of it ;
 'Twas her's to view each work of art,
 And just proportion every part :
 Hence excellence in Science sprung,
 Hence painters shone, hence poets sung ;

Tho'

Tho' *Nature* first inspir'd the thought,
 'Twas her's to polish as it ought;
 From age to age her virtues shone,
 And *Taste* and *Nature* were as one.
 It happen'd on a luckless day,
 That from my side she went astray;
 Induc'd by folly or by pride,
 Became to *Novelty* a bride;
 To his desires resign'd her charms,
 And lost her power in his arms.
 Now *Novelty* exerts his parts,
 Pretends acquaintance with the arts;
 Instead of pathos and sublime,
 Soft flow'ry words and tuneful rhyme
 Supply their place, and glide along
 Like some Italian eunuch's song:
 The ears delighted with the strains,
 But, ah! the heart untouch'd remains;
 And every art alike is spoil'd
 By this bad conduct of my child,
 For which I cast her off, and swear,
 My fondness she no more shall share;
 And this complaint is with intent
 To have some further punishment,
 Which you will own is justly due;
 A trait'ress she to me and you;

Now

Now let Apollo weigh my charge,
And set her punishment at large.

The god now rising from his throne
Reply'd:—your charge is just I own:
Mark my decree——in time shall rise
A set of men in science wise,
Who shall with truth and justice scan,
The publish'd works of every man:
Where merit fair stands forth to view,
There pour the praise to merit due;
Where folly fills the trifling page,
There pour the shafts of noble rage:
All shall await the applauding nod,
And tremble at the critic's rod,
Sir *Novelty* give up his reign,
And *Taste* return to you again;
Each art revive—the muses smile,
And *Britain* be their fav'rite isle.

TABLE

F A B L E V.

The DISCONTENTED MAN and the ANGEL.

WHAT is this world, Avarus cried,
But noise and nonsense, pomp and
pride?

Search all the universe around,
No perfect goodness can be found;
Sorrow, and indigence and pain,
On earth have fix'd their lasting reign,
The bad man thrives, the good declines,
Beset with poverty he pines.
Palsy'd with age, the rev'rend head,
Is number'd but as one that's dead:
While striplings, who but just can crawl,
Their fires push rudely from the wall:
And every fool, and every knave,
Conceited, hifs them to the grave.

The Orb that brightens up the skies,
Prolific shines on fops and flies,
Endues the noxious toad with breath,
And rears the plant whose juice is death.

The moon, pale regent of the night,
But sheds around her borrow'd light,

L

While

While villains, who abscond the day,
Uninterrupted rob and slay.

With various ills Creation teems,
The hills, the dales, the woods, the streams.

Th' eternal cause of blood and strife,
The chiefest curse embitt'ring life,
Gold, baneful ore, the hills contain,
And serpents lurk upon the plain;
Tigers and wolves infest the woods,
And sharks and crocodiles the floods;
Devouring locusts fill the air,
To spoil the harvest of the year;
How wretched is this earthly state!
How partial is the will of fate! —————

As discontented thus he rav'd,
And Heav'n's eternal justice brav'd;
Commission'd from immortal Jove,
His real sentiments to prove,
An Angel came—"Thy murm'ring cease,
Entring, he cry'd—I bring thee peace.
He to whom ev'ry heart is known,
Has sent to claim thee for his own;
Fly this terrene, without delay,
To regions of a purer day,

Whence

Whence springs the living fount of joy
 Eternal, and without alloy !
 Where peace expands her downy wing,
 And choiristers celestial sing."

As when—(permit the simile)
 Beneath a lofty branching tree,
 From summer suns a pleasing shade,
 Some shepherd at his ease is laid,
 Sudden dark clouds obscure the skies,
 The thunder rolls, the lightning flies ;
 The tree falls blasted on the plain,
 The stroke but just escapes the swain,
 Who starting, with uplifted hands,
 And frantic looks, confounded stands ;
 So stood the mortal all confest,
 Before his Heav'n descended guest ;
 A pallid hue o'erspread his face,
 His pulse forgot its usual pace ;
 His trembling joints together smite,
 And all is horror and affright,

With faltring voice, and downcast eyes,
 At length th' astonish'd wretch replies ;

" The Power whose Delegate you are,
 My heart for ever must revere ;

Yet, oh! my bright seraphic friend,
 His kindness for awhile suspend.
 While in this vale of tears below,
 This thorny journey all must go,
 To vex the mind strange passions rise,
 Deform'd, unfit to meet the skies ;
 Dull business takes away our guard,
 At present I am unprepar'd ;
 A little space allow my stay,
 And call again another day."

With thundring voice, and alter'd look,
 Justly enrag'd, the Angel spoke :

" Equivocating worm forbear
 To murmur at thy station here ;
 Here center'd, all your wishes tend,
 Their ultimate design and end,
 Earth-bound, no longer brave the skies
 With nonsense and absurdities ;
 Call Heav'n partial and severe,
 Yet hope to stay forever here ;
 Subdue thy pride, and learn from me,
 What Jove has kindly done for thee.

From chaos and the realms of night,
 Without distinction, form, or light,

His

His voice produc'd this fertile earth,
 And gave each plant and season birth;
 To finish and to crown the whole,
 Endow'd with an immortal soul,
 With sense and reason to his aid,
 In form majestic man was made,
 From earth, obedient to his call
 He rose conspicuous Lord of all.

Yet not for ever here his stay,
 This body form'd of mortal clay,
 As earth must have in earthly grave,
 The soul return to him who gave,
 There dwell with spirits ever blest,
 In realms of joy, and love, and rest.

Yet in this transitory reign
 Man is dissatisfy'd in vain,
 Made for his use, behold arise
 Yon Orb that gilds the orient skies,
 The sun :—How gloriously compleat !
 Affording light, affording heat ;
 Yet by the earth revolving course,
 When other worlds receive it's force,
 Reflected, an inferior light,
 The moon returns her aid by night,
 Dun darkness flies from off the plain,
 Chas'd by her beams, and starry train.

Immense ! his bounties who can tell,
 To please sight, hearing, taste and smell ;
 The pine-top'd mountain, humble hill,
 The woodland, dale, and purling rill ;
 The choral birds salute the ear,
 The playful flocks around appear,
 And flowers of a thousand hues
 Their aromatic sweets diffuse.
 Obedient to his dread command
The clouds drop fatness on the land.
 The earth, the ocean, and the air,
 Teem by his vegetative care ;
 His vital breath produc'd the spring,
Bids hills rejoice, and valleys sing.

The seasons at his will prevail,
 Refreshing shower, or fanning gale,
 Producing from the appointed soil,
 For thankless man, corn, wine and oil.
 These are his works—if understood,
 Supremely great ! supremely good !
 Whate'er springs from the teeming earth,
 Or by the genial sun call'd forth,
 In nature have their proper use,
 Perverted only by abuse.
 The serpent, toad, or crocodile,
 With all the spawn of slimy Nile,

Have

Have still their proper sphere assign'd,
Are good according to their kind.

The baleful plants, thy reason knows,
Are fatal drugs, are fatal foes :
Yet reason bids thee shun the ill,
To taste is in thy fickle will :
In some degree, their virtue's great,
Protracting, not producing fate.

So the fair vine, whose sprightly juice
Enlivens by a proper use,
Becomes, by taking more, we find,
A maddning poison to the mind.
If the good man the bad oppress,
His goodness still is ne'er the less ;
The bad, as bad, will Jove regard,
And virtue find its own reward.

This known, thy murmuring give o'er,
Arraign the will of Fate no more.
With prayer and penitence atone
Thy crimes---and let the world alone.
Confess, unworthy as thou art,
That Jove in all has done his part,
Walk humbly, and as well do thine,
Or justly dread his wrath divine.

He

He said—and instant from the sight
Sprang upward to the realms of light.

F A B L E VI.

The FOIL-STONE and the DIAMOND.

HOW many fops in gay attire,
The croud ill judging still admire,
With superficial florid phrase
Tortering plain sense a thousand ways ;
While self conceit each word supplies,
And folly thinks them wonderous wise ;
Let real merit come in view,
Conspicuous to the knowing few,
Tho' poorly clad, the coxcomb kind,
Shall fly like chaff before the wind,
Their trim conceits and vague discourse,
Must yield to *Truth's* energetic force,
And every vain conceited elf,
Become a victim to himself.

To prove what's here asserted true,
Pert Clodio I appeal to you ;
To you, whose bosom does contain,
The quintessence of all that's vain ;

Thy

Thy name at present swells my page,
 The *Foil-stone* of this critic age,
 Awhile be silent—if you're able,
 And for amusement—read the fable.

Within a toyman's shop at night,
 Resplendent by the taper's light,
 A *Foil-stone* hung to make a shew,
 As glittering things attract the view;
 Pleas'd with the wide surrounding blaze.
 It thus began itself to praise.

Of all the gems that deck the fair,
 What jewel can with me compare :
 The garnet red, the sapphire blue,
 Or others of whatever hue,
 Some folks may prize and think them fine,
 But what's their worth compar'd to mine ?
 What are those lights that blaze on high,
 But glittering *Foil-stones* of the sky ?
 Order'd by Jove, that glorious place,
 The *earth* to light, the *sky* to grace ;
 Fix'd on Clarinda's breast my rays,
 Would rob her of her wonted praise ;
 Her eyes that made the world adore,
 Was I but near, would shine no more ;

M

Where

Where merit once to stand the test,
 Superior I should be confest,
 Unequal'd I should rule alone,
 As this poor *Taper* to the sun ;
 Their beauties all must fade away,
 And I reign monarch of the day.

The taper's ray no more deride,
 A Diamond that o'er heard, reply'd,
 'Tis to his power alone you owe,
 Your present superficial glow ;
 Some fatal hand remove the light,
 Adieu ! thy glory sets in night.

But I, deep hid within the mine,
 By nature's hand was form'd to shine ;
 While thou poor compound, fram'd by art,
 In nature have not any part,
 The product of some foplings brain
 To imitate my glow—in vain.
 By all true judges thou'rt despis'd,
 By fops and fools alone art priz'd ;
 And this thy chiefest value known,
 To deck some vagrant actors crown ;
 This evidently all may see,
 And thou were christen'd *Foil* to me.

Silent thou hadst not suffer'd blame,
Fools by their prating cause their shame.

A S O N G.

WHILE amorous *Tom* in *Beauty's* praise,
Holds forth in tender, love-sick lays,
Jack scarcely ever holds his tongue,
But will to *Bacchus* raise the song;
While *Dick* for *momus* chaunts aloud,
Whose humour charms the listening croud.

II.

With which of these shall you and I,
With which of these my friend comply?
Beauty must surely claim our lays,
Yet *Bacchus* will have equal praise,
And *momus* too:—then side with neither,
But freely toast them *all* together,

A CATCH FOR FOUR.

COME drink my friend *Tom* or you'll not
have your share,
Come drink my friend *Harry*, and drive away
care,
Come *Dick*, pr'ythee circle the bumper about,
Come landlord another, this bottle is out.

An EPISTLE to a FRIEND.

DEAR SIR,—It happen'd on a time—
 Hard fate—I caught the itch of rhyme,
 And treating with too much neglect,
 Now late I rue the dire effect,
 Which over grown for want of care,
 Distracts my mind beyond compare;
 And close connections still we find,
 Between the body and the mind.

For instance—when the body's vext,
 With some strange malady perplext,
 The mind immediate takes a share,
 Alternate rent with grief and care:
 And versa—when the mind declines,
 With love, or sour misfortune pines,
 The body's vigour then decreases;
 And now I hope I've prov'd my thesis.

But what's all this (you'll say, to me)
 Whose mind and body both agree?
 Whose fortune is, thank Heaven, such
 Not poorly low, nor yet too much,
 Beneath the envy of the great,
 Yet far above a servile state;

With

With useful arts I spend my time,
 A Lover—tho' no slave to rhyme.
 Alas ! dear B—— that's the case,
 All void of reason as of grace ;
 “ As yet a youth no fool to fame,
 Not dreaming of a poet's name,
 I lisp'd in verse—my friends approv'd,
 And what they prais'd too soon I lov'd.”
 Hence springs my grief : with care I trac'd
 Those poets by the muses grac'd,
 With all their smiles ;—and idly vain,
 A slave at distance in their train ;
 Neglected bus'ness, void of care,
 Cameleon like to feed on air,
 I trac'd the fields, the groves, and bowers,
 Made nosegays of poetic flowers ;
 Yet better for myself the treat,
 Had I made nosegays in the street ;
 For then each passing Beau and Belle
 Would know my *Poësies* made to sell :
 And from their bounteous hand I might,
 Perhaps, have got a dinner by't :
 Yet I had other views confess'd
 Within this castle building breast.
 By Fancy's aid I mount the wind,
 And leave this drossy world behind :
 There pictur'd to the mental eye,
 Strange lands, and manners I descry.

A plenteous harvest too was shewn,
 The crop in time to be my own.
 Yet this estate I never found
 Exist, but on poetic ground.

Now sprung with years my hope of fame,
 The pictur'd front, the deathless name;
 And fancy with a Syren smile,
 Could still my foolish heart beguile;
 'Till the blown bubble seeming fair,
 By some rude touch dissolv'd in air.

So fares it with the chemic blade,
 Who thinks gold may, by art, be made:
 And bouy'd with thoughts of endless pelf,
 Continues to deceive himself.
 With every care the fire is made,
 The egg in proper order laid;
 Impatience, slow-pac'd time derides—
 How heavy every moment glides!
 Worn out with care he scarce survives,
 When lo! the happy day arrives;
 When oh! confusion—hark! it bursts,
 And all is lost in fume and dust.
 His care, his art, are all in vain,
 His *Folly* known is all his gain.

Verſes on the Death of the late
Mr. SHENSTONE.

WHEN majeſty yielding to fate,
Receives as a mortal his doom,
What pomp muſt his burial await !
What ſplendor muſt nod o'er his tomb !
Fond faſhion in ſable diſguiſe,
Muſt ſeem to lament o'er his bier,
And the nation put on when he dies,
Political black for a year.

II.

His virtues in life, time unknown,
Muſt ſtand to the reader confeſt,
And the chifſel endenting the ſtone,
Proclaim---what he never poſſeſt ;
How ſilly, how vain this parade,
Such vanity all muſt deplore,
The marble by time is decay'd,
And the monarch is thought on no more.

III.

Departed in life's humble vale,
How diff'rent is Corydon's lot,
His virtues o'er time ſhall prevail,
And live when e'en kings are forgot.

The

The shepherds who dwell on the plain,
 Shall his fame to their children prolong,
 And sigh ! when rehearsing the strain,
 This once was poor Corydon's song.

IV.

Then how solemn the sage shall repeat,
 How silent the youths all attend,
 Yon house was his pleasant retreat,
 With truth his companion and friend ;
 What goodness still glow'd in his breast ?
 His loss to the plains, what a grief !
 There the stranger was welcome to rest,
 And the poor found a constant relief.

V.

Yon groves were his planting and care,
 Where nature and art both unite,
 The muse oft attended him there
 The muse that oft gave us delight ;
 How charming his pastoral reed,
 What taste and simplicity join'd,
 His songs were the sweetest agreed,
 And forever they'll dwell in my mind.

VI.

Ye shepherds who honour his lays,
 Forgive me this poor artless verse ;
 Believe me I seek not for praise,
 But sorrowing follow his hearse :

Yet

Yet why should such grief be express'd;
 How idle how vain is our woe;
 Immortal, he dwells with the bless'd,
 Eternal his fame is below.

*An EPISTLE to a LADY in the
 Country.*

NOW has rough winter reassum'd his reign,
 And fogs and frost alike infest the plain;
 Each tree has lost the verdant hue of spring;
 To charm the ear no more the warblers sing;
 No more the distant hills with flocks are white,
 No nymphs and swains now gambol to the sight:
 The shepherd keeps his flocks within the fold,
 Then seeks his straw-thatch'd cot secure from
 cold;
 Close to the blazing hearth he sits him down,
 And quaffs his jug, each anxious thought to
 drown;
 While wife and ragged brats fill up the space,
 Pale want and penury staring in each face.

Say, can my *Delia* like such scenes as these?
 Sure cold and poverty can never please!

N

Haste

Haste then to town, and leave those scenes, my
fair ;

Haste, and the town's still varying pleasure
share ;

The stage shall bid a thousand prospects rise,
And artificial spring salute thy eyes.

Perhaps your heart, susceptible of woe,
Likes the soft scenes of *Southern, Otway, Rowe* ;
Haste, and enjoy that heaven-like pleasure here ;
Powell shall draw the sympathetic tear :
By rising sighs thy passions will be shewn,
Thy bosom heave with sorrows not its own.
Then to assuage the too strong tide of grief,
The comic muse steps in to your relief ;
King, Woodward, Garrick, all their powers exert,
And spleen, or dull-bred care, away divert.
Fancy her art shall shew in pantomime,
And all alike consent to kill old time.

Come then, my *Delia*, leave the rustic throng ;
Come and bring love and tenderness along :
Oh ! haste, my love, I long to view thy charms,
I long to fold thy beauties in my arms ;
To gaze with rapture, while my sighs explain
My heart felt passion, and my pleasing pain.

Ah !

Ah! *Delia*, come, and ease my tortur'd mind,
 Nor share the folly wedded to thy kind ;
 Inconstant Woman is a proverb grown,
 And vast examples make that folly known :
 Oh ! let me not compare you with the rest,
 But come at once, and ease my anxious breast :
 Come, and by one great act your conduct prove,
 And shew that WOMAN can be true, in love.

Alas ! I rave ! — I should thy worth defend,
 For thou hast been my guardian, wife, and friend ;
 Some other motive keeps thee from my sight ;
 Some good, for goodness still was thy delight :
 To cloath the naked, or to feed the poor,
 To keep the tyrant landlord from the door ;
 To soften misery, to seek the bed
 Where age, or sickness, lays the aching head ;
 To palliate each distress, and every woe,
 And trace the path to heaven ere you go.

If this employs you, I must not repine,
 But curb my passion and my suit decline :
 Yet, 'midst thy charities remember me,
 Think how I languish thy dear form to see ;
 Think on my lonely night, my lonely day ;
 All pleasure's tasteless while thou art away.

Then speed thy pious work ; and haste, my
fair,
And bring thy love, that cordial for despair.

S O N G.

TO love, and be lov'd, how transporting the
bliss,

To give, and receive, the soft conjugal kifs ;
To see a young race of sweet prattlers around,
Is a pleasure superior to all can be found.

Let libertines rail at the joys they ne'er know,
Such joys as from rambling can sure never flow ;
A bottle and Thais may please for a night,
But wedlock affords never fading delight.

Tho' censure may seem to have room for its rage,
In this money-job, scandalous, match-making
age ;

When parents and guardians their children dis-
pose,

As chapmen at Smithfield buy horses and cows.

Yet

(2)
Yet calmly consider true love as the source;
And wedlock will surely be happy of course ;
Yet a competent fortune will certainly please,
For life is scarce life unless pass'd thro' with ease.

'Tis prudent, I own, ere you marry, to see
If your means will support a wife easy and free ;
For cavils in wedlock will rise to be sure,
When industry can't keep the wolf from the
door.

But when fortune and love both together
combine,
And beauty and sense too as mutually join ;
Let them rail on who will, I am certain of this,
That wedlock so plann'd, is the height of all
bliss.

S O N G.

QUOTH Strephon to Flora, your charms I
adore,
You're witty, you're pretty, you're pleasing all
o'er,

Your

Your lips are like rubies, your cheeks like the
rose,

And your breath far more sweet than Arabia
blows.

Yet tho' charming, alas! your delight is to teize,
Yet all she reply'd, was, Sir, just as you please.

Oh! think, he return'd, of the pains I endure,
And as you're the cause, O extend me the cure;
My passion's so strong, that my rest I forsake,
And a paleness o'er spreads now my once rosy
cheek.

No longer be coy then, but give me some ease,
Yet she careless reply'd still, Sir, just as you
please.

Enrag'd that she paid him no greater regard,
When his passion he knew was deserving re-
ward;

He boldly advancing, saluted the fair,
And vow'd that such treatment no longer he'd
bear.

No longer declar'd he would sue on his knees,
Yet all she reply'd still, was just as you please.

Then seizing her hand he straight led her along,
While she careless ne'er said he was right or was
wrong ;

He

He took her to church, and there made her his
wife,

And vow'd he would love her as long as he'd
life :

No longer she thinks that his passion can teize,
'Tho' she answers him still, Sir, 'tis just as you
please.

S O N G.

AS t'other day young Damon past,
Where Chloe sat demure,
He doft his hat, and sigh'd and gaz'd,
'Twas love that struck him sure.
With reverence then approach'd the fair,
Which she seem'd very shy at ;
And when he prais'd her shape and air,
Cry'd, prithee, Sir, be quiet.

My fair, he cry'd, O be not coy,
Nor think my meaning rude ;
Let love like mine thy mind employ,
True love can ne'er intrude.
Her hand he then essay'd to kiss,
Which, frowning, she cry'd fye at ;
And when he struggled for the blifs,
She said, I pray be quiet !

Then

Then kneeling at her feet he swore,
 Without her he should die,
 That man ne'er lov'd a woman more ;
 Then heav'd a melting sigh !
 Cupid unseen now touch'd her breast,
 And there stirr'd up a riot,
 Much soften'd, yet she still express,
 O ! prithee, Sir, be quiet.

The youth perceived her alter'd tone,
 And boldly ask'd her hand.
 Soon Hymen made them both as one,
 United hand in hand.
 The case too soon is alter'd quite,
 A scene you'll all cry fye at ;
 She prates away from morn to night,
 While he cries, pray be quiet.

A C A N T A T A.

RECITATIVE.

AS on a flowry bank young Thirfis lay ;
 Thirfis the young, the airy, and the gay,
 Who lov'd fair Phœbe with a constant heart,
 Devoid of flattery, and devoid of art ;
 By love inspir'd, he thus unloos'd his tongue,
 And to the Cyprian deity he sung.

AIR.

A I R.

Goddess of the Cyprian grove,
 Queen of beauty, queen of love ;
 To thy shrine behold I bend,
 Be a faithful lover's friend,
 Phœbe's charms my heart detains
 In love's soft and silken chains ;
 Hear my vows and ease my care,
 Make her kind as she is fair.
 Let her love's soft passion prove,
 And return me love for love.

RECITATIVE.

Cupid unseen, was fluttering in the air,
 Sent by his master to relieve his care,
 In softest accents sooth'd his amorous pain,
 And thus he sung to ease the love sick swain:

A I R.

Thirsts hence, and ease thy care,
 To yon shady grove repair ;
 There fair Phœbe lies reclin'd,
 And thinks your absence is unkind.

Tho' she frown when you draw nigh,
 And perhaps prepare to fly ;

O

Boldly

Boldly catch her in your arms,
Praise her neck, her breast, and arms.

Flattery is the only art
To attain the fair one's heart ;
And from this advice you'll find,
Praise her charms, you win her mind.

The R E C I P E.

EACH soft tender youth, who in soft tender
lays,
In the service of beauty would venture for praise ;
Must fly to the meadows, the fields, and the
groves,
And solicit the aid of the graces and loves ;
Then talk of her eyes, her lips, bosom and arms,
And the red-fisted lass is a Venus in charms.

Plain Susan, and Dolly, no longer must down,
Nor Roger, or Dick, for each rustical clown,
The muses must christen them over again,
Plump Doll is a nymph, and stout Roger a swain.
Then Damon, and Chloe, to prattle of love,
Must wander a while in the eglantine grove.

Then

Then the sky lark, the wood lark, the linnet,
 and thrush,
 In concert must join on each shrub, tree, or
 bush;
 Tho' charming the prospect, and tuneful their
 song,
 Yet mind to say this as she passes along.
 That her voice, tho' alas! like a peacock she
 squall,
 Is softer, and stronger, and sweeter than all.

Example next teaches the garden to seek,
 And the rose, and the lily unite on her cheek:
 Each flower that's valued for odour or hue,
 At her presence must strait-way spring up to the
 view;
 Yet blooming and gay, as the nymph passes by,
 They for envy must instantly wither and die.

When she walks, oh! ye gods, how majestic her
 air,
 Not Jove's haughty queen can with Chloe com-
 pare;
 The test of perfection her person must be,
 Tho' majestic, yet modest; tho' modest, yet
 free.

When she deigns to come forth to rejoice the
glad plain,
The graces, attendant,—must hold up the train.

Thus externally dress'd, away to her mind,
Her sense is a wonder, so great! so refin'd!
'Tho' perceiving her wit, and her judgment, tho'
just,
'Tis with candour and diffidence always express'd:
Thus proceed, my young bard, and I warrant
ere long,
You produce that strange medley—yclept, a love
song.

S O N G.

CORINNA was lovely, was witty, and
young,
And all o'er the town had her praises been sung;
The beaux and the fops, paid their court to her
eyes,
And the belles, tho' her rivals, beheld with sur-
prise;
Yet, to all who in praising her charms did ex-
cel,
Her answer was only, indeed very well.

Lyfander

Lyfander amidst her admirers preſt,
 And the true flame of love found to glow in his
 breaſt;
 With awe he approach'd, and with modeſty
 ſpoke,
 Yet his paſſion ſhe treated as only a joke;
 Tho' the pangs he endur'd, no tongue could e'er
 tell,
 Yet her answer was only, indeed ! very well.

Denials provok'd him to try other ways,
 Nor barely to kneel and to utter her praiſe;
 He boldly embrac'd the bright nymph in his
 arms,
 And kiſs'd her, and feaſted himſelf with her
 charms;
 She thought of her lovers, he all did excel,
 But answer'd Lyfander, as yet, very well.

The buſineſs thus far, made the hero more bold,
 And ſoon ſhe conſented to have and to hold;
 At Hymen's ſoft ſhrine he receiv'd her fair hand,
 Attended by Cupids, a choice little band;
 To her intimates only ſhe's dar'd ſince to tell,
 That Lyfander has pleas'd her, indeed, very
 well.

SONG

S O N G.

YOUNG Damon, and Chloe were mutually
fond,

They kiss'd and they toy'd all the day ;
Kind Hymen consented to finish the rest,
And join them for ever and aye.
Some fiend interser'd, and the rites were delay'd,
By a circumstance few would suppose;
For thoughtless young Damon one day as he
play'd,
Presented to Kitty—a rose.

Alarm'd at the gift, Chloe rated the youth,
Fill'd with jealousy, rage, and disdain;
She call'd him false hearted, perfidious and base,
And instantly quitted the plain.
He endeavour'd his innocence vainly to prove,
No words could her passion compose ;
Such presents she said, were sure emblems of love,
And Kitty accepted—the rose.

To the church, or the wake, or wherever she
went,

He followed in hopes of relief ;
Obdurate the fair one regardless beheld
The type of his penitence—grief.

Tho'

Tho' seldom if ever, she deign'd a reply,
 'T was only to add to his woes !
 " No art shall e'er win me again to comply,
 " Remember young Damon, the——rose."

For ever refus'd, when he knew that his heart
 To Chloe was virtuous and true,
 He thought was too much :—So neglected the
 fair,
 Another more kind to pursue.
 This treatment at length so afflicted the maid,
 She sought him her mind to compose,
 He gladly consented, and soon they were wed,
 And Chloe ne'er thinks of—the rose.

A WELCH SONG.

COT splutter o'nails,
 Hur was come from North Wales,
 To try her good fortune in London;
 But oh ! hur poor heart,
 Hur fears for hur part,
 Alas ! hur for ever is undone.

For

For as hur was coing,
Whith Shenkin and Owen,
 To pray to goot Tavit hur faint, Sir;
A young tamsel hur met,
Put hur all in a sweat,
 Goot lack hur was ready to faint, Sir.

So pright was hur eyes,
As the stars in the skies,
 Hur lips were like rupies so fine, Sir;
Her cheeks were o'er spread
With a sweet white and red,
 She look't like an angel tivine, Sir.

When she spoke, how hur voice
Made hur posome rejoice
 So charming and prafe were hur words, Sir;
The wood lark or thrush,
That sing on a push,
 No accents so sweet can afford, Sir.

Since that luckless hour,
So creat is love's power,
 Hur croans and says nothing but heigh day;
But hur passion, hur fear,
Hur can never declare.
 For the las was as crand as a lady.

Ye true lovers all,
 When you hear of hur fall,
 O'er hur crave shed a tear out of pity;
 For so earnest hur craves,
 Hur shall tie hur pelieves,
 And so there's an end to hur titty.

S O N G.

ONE morn in May as Strephon rov'd,
 Contemplating on her he lov'd;
 Sweet verdure deck'd the prospect round,
 Each bird sent forth a pleasant sound;
 While every gale from every bloom,
 Diffus'd a grateful fine perfume.

Ah! what's this beauteous scene to me?

(Now sigh'd the youth) in vain I see

The May-blown bush, or flow'ry plain,

Or hear the warblers tuneful strain;

My Delia absent, nought can please,

Nought give my tortur'd bosom ease.

Where strays my love, what happier swain

Can Delia from my arms detain?

What artful youth, with tales of love,
 Now keeps thee from thy native grove ?
 Come ! come my fair one, come away,
 Nor kill me with thy longer stay.

A garland sweet I'd wove for you,
 With flowers of the sweetest hue ;
 Yet, ah ! how soon the flowers decay'd,
 Thy presence wanting lovely maid ;
 So fade my hopes, thou fickle fair,
 For hope is conquer'd by despair.

As thus exclaim'd the jealous youth,
 The nymph with real love and truth,
 (Who heard behind a bush the while)
 Advancing, met him with a smile ;
 Forgive, that thus your faith I try'd,
 I'm your's for ever, now, she cry'd.

The youth, surpriz'd, with joy elate,
 In raptures blest his happy fate ;
 Next morn in hymeneal bands,
 United were their hearts and hands :
 Friendship and love their minds employ,
 And all the village rung with joy.

A Morning in Spring.

AURORA was drest in her purple array,
And sol had just mounted the chariot of
day ;

The swift winged hours came dancing along,
And the lark to the morn galy warbled her song ;
When struck with the spring and the beauties of
May,

Thus Damon began to his fair one the lay.

How sweet is the prospect around,

How beautiful nature is seen ;

Each hedge with May blossom is crown'd,

Each mead with a delicate green ;

What odours came forth from each grove,

How blithe the wild choristers sing,

Can there aught be in nature, my love,

Which equals a morning in spring ?

There is—tho' delightful the view,

Tho' sweet the perfume of the grove

When fondly I gaze upon you ;

I bend to the power of love.

Love draws the bright scene to the eyes,

Love teaches the warblers to sing,

Love bids every pleasure arise,

And adds to a morning in spring.

When circled within those soft arms,
 What transports arise in my breast,
 I find all the spring in thy charms,
 All that's sweet in thy bosom confest.
 Yet constant we'll rise at the dawn
 To hear the wild choristers sing,
 While the season permits in the morn,
 Inhale the sweet breath of the spring.

Verses on the Death of a Friend.

ABOUT the time that *Sol* retires to rest,
 And paler *Cynthia* takes her turn to reign;
 He ruddy glowing to'ard the distant west,
 She fainter gilding o'er the verdant plain.

When the sweet warblers of each field and grove,
 Drop the tir'd wing, and seek the bending
 spray,
 No more mellifluent chaunt their songs of love,
 But sleep recumbent 'till the dawn of day,

When *Philomel* resumes the song alone,
 And pining echo soft returns the sound;
 Perch'd on a thorn that aggravates her moan,
 And but for her all silent were around.

With

With just a friend that follow'd close behind,
 I met a coarse, and startled at the sight;
 But, ah! what pangs, what tortures fill'd my
 mind;

My hair upstart'd soon with dire affright.

When that same mourning, solitary friend,
 In broken words, and sighs, and shaking head,
 "Behold the last remains, the fatal end
 "Of *Heartwell** murder'd!" That was all he
 said.

Grief stopped his tongue, and tears bedew'd his
 face;

His breast he beat, and silent past along;
 Yet, in revenge for *Heartwell's* deep disgrace,
 His worth shall fill the remnant of my song.

By nature form'd to charm with mirth and wit,
 T' applaud the good, to satirize the bad;
 To charm the miser from his selfish fit,
 And wake to joy the hopeless and the sad.

† To praise a *Shakespear's* or a *Garrick's* worth;
 To damn conceited authors in a line;
 To rival *Yates* or *Shuter* in their mirth,
 And make a coxcomb swear, or hero shine.

True

* Author of the letters signed *Heartwell* published
 in the *Gazetteer*.

† He wrote a poem called a visionary interview
 at the shrine of *Shakespear*.

* True to his country, loyal to his king ;
 A spirit just, to blame or to commend ;
 The muses deign'd his jocund lyre to string,
 And virtue made him father, husband, friend.

Unknown to fortune, not unknown to fame,
 He struggled in a base ungrateful age ;
 When lo ! some villain, but conceal'd his name,
 With murdering hands have struck him off the
 stage.

Oh ! would *Melpomene* assist my lays !
 Thy praise should flow according to thy due ;
 Or round my temples twine immortal bays,
 My passport unto fame, remembering you.

Yet, as it is, accept my artless verse,
 The meanest follower in the muses train ;
 May this excite some nobler to rehearse,
 And give the tribute due a nobler strain.

S O N G.

A NEW MEDLEY.

APOLLO, the God that presides o'er the
 day,

To his doxey, Miss Thetis, had just stole away ;
 With

* See an ode to the duke of York.

With her and a bottle to pass the dull night,
 For gods both in women and wine take delight,
Derry down, &c.

When three jolly mortals, as Bacchus e'er saw,
 Divinity orthodox, Physick, and Law ;
 The fatigue of the day being over and done,
 To regale with a bottle were met at the Tun,
Derry down, &c.

As the glass circled round, straight good-humour
 slept in,
 And told them, a song would be counted no
 sin ;
 So they all three agreed in a mutual design,
 And Law first began in the praise of good wine,
Derry down, &c.

Of all the reports
 I have heard in the courts,
 In good wine I ne'er yet found a flaw :
 All the cases I've read
 Agree on this head,
 If its good, it will stand good in law.

For good wine while I've breath,
 I'll plead ; nay, in death
 My voice it shall have without fee ;

And

And when my term ends,
 I council my friends,
 To live all as merry as we.

Old Wigsby, a doctor in physick renown'd,
 With a heart full of glee was the next that was
 found ;
 After gargling his throat with a glass of the same,
 The virtues of wine began loud to proclaim,

Derry down, &c.

Let the Faculty rail, honest truth will prevail,
 In spite of old Glauber or Gahen ;
 I pronounce that good wine is a nostrum divine,
 For ev'ry disease never failing.
 'Tis allow'd diuretic, likewise an emetic ;
 'Tis past all description surprizing ;
 And though doctor H—— is a man of great
 skill,
 This beats all his puff-advertising.

The next was a parson, a very good soul,
 With audible voice he good wine did extol ;
 Like a hymn or a psalm, firs, he roar'd out the
 strain,
 'Till he made the room echo and echo again,
Derry down, &c.

Let poor sinful mortals no longer repine,
 I pronounce they are blest if they taste of good
 wine ;

Let this be their custom whenever they pray,
 For there's nothing like wine to wash sorrow
 away.

Then circle the glass, for good wine ne'er can
 cloy,

'Tis the fountain of mirth and the source of all
 joy.

The heathens, that follow Mahomet's dull rules,
 If they mind what he says are a parcel of fools ;
 We Britons such paltry restrictions despise,
 We allow all to drink 'till they make themselves
 wise.

Then circle, &c.

Then while I've good wine, let me preach what
 I will,

In private I always will take a full swill,

Q

And

And grant full indulgence for ever to those
Who are lovers of wine—for they can't be
church foes.

Then circle, &c.

Then a fig for your snarlers, those pedants and
fools,

Who fraught with dull mortals glean'd up from
the schools,

We'll not puzzle ourselves with much trouble-
some thinking,

But urge and pursue the high pleasure of drink-
ing.

Sing tantararara, &c.

That our cause is quite valid by law is confess'd,
And physick declares 'tis of medicines the best ;
The jolly priest too has held forth its no sin,
And what other folks say we need not care a pin,

Sing tantararara, &c.

S O N G.

S O N G.

WHILE over nice critics, indulging their
 rage,
 Exclaim that all singing's unfit for the stage,
 And others though different, are equally wrong,
 Who fix all that's pleasing alone in a song.
 Such triflers I leave, let them cavil on still,
 While I sing in praise of—the maid of the mill.

The stage is a garden we very well know,
 Where sense, truth, and virtue, should constant-
 ly grow,
 The rank weeds of vice be all carefully fought,
 Torn up by the roots and expos'd as they ought ;
 The performance is good, which this end can
 fulfil,
 And this we must own—in the maid of the mill.

Mirth, beauty, and innocence mutually strive
 To rouse the attention, and keep it alive,
 In Aimworth, true greatness shines strongly con-
 fess,
 And love's genuine flame glows in Patty's soft
 breast,
 Each bosom responds to her voice's sweet trill,
 And wishes success to—the maid of the mill.

While music, and sense, shall have charms to
 invite,
 And wit, and true humour, afford us delight;
 While candour exists in the regions of taste,
 And Britons encourage the good and the chaste,
 So long (let ill nature declaim as she will)
 Applause shall attend on—the maid of the mill.

S O N G.

S O N G.

FOR a song, or a dance, over all the gay
 plain,
 Young Damon was justly esteem'd the best swain;
 Yet a great imperfection his mind had impress'd,
 He thought beauty a trifle and love but a jest.

As often young Collin to him wou'd repair,
 And sighing relate all his anguish and care;
 He laugh'd at his folly, and said from his breast,
 He thought beauty a trifle, and love but a jest.

Sly Cupid determin'd to take down his pride,
 Who impiously dar'd sacred love to deride;
 An arrow well aim'd sent twang at his breast,
 To prove beauty no trifle, and love was no jest.

Now he sighs for a nymph, who flies his embrace,
 He's the scorn of the fair, and the jest of the
 place;

Who

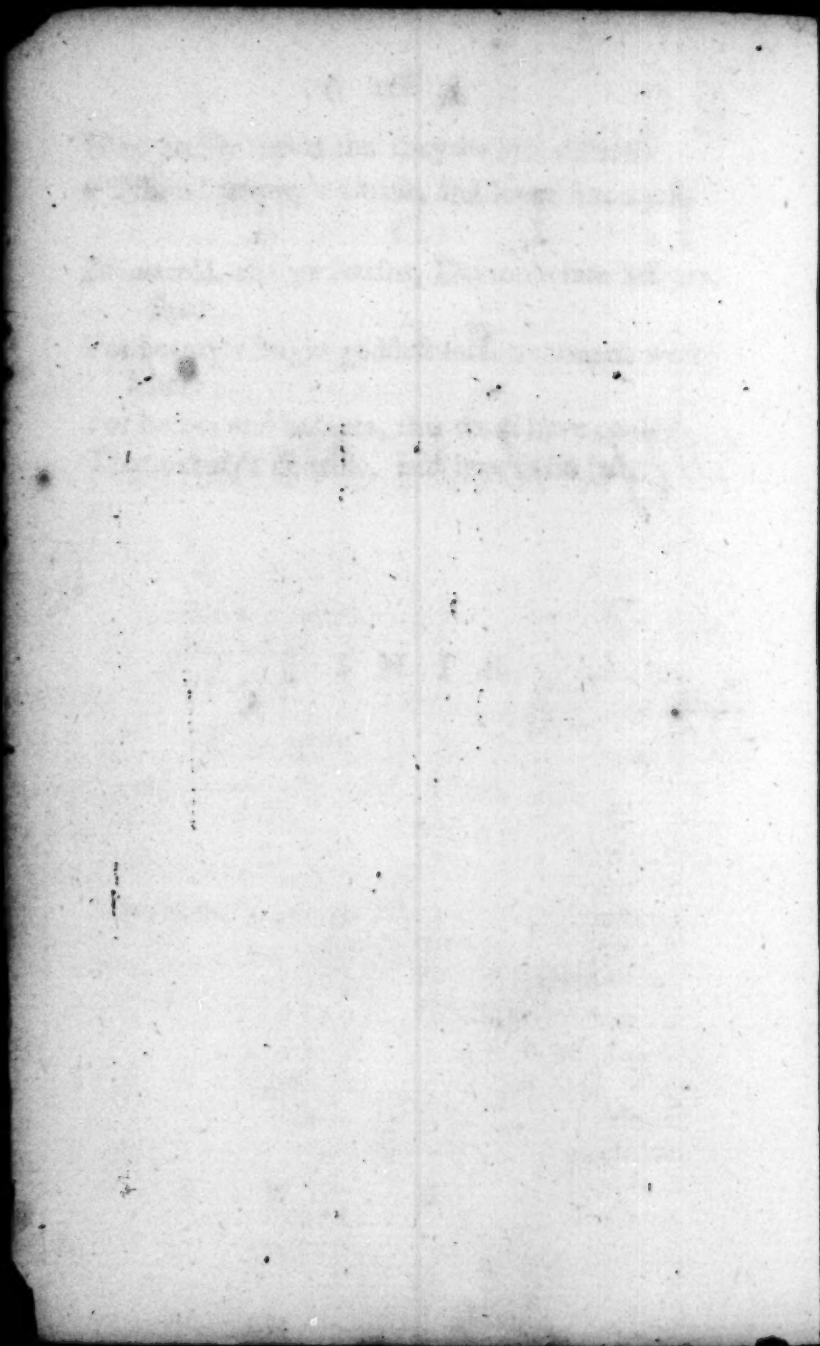
Who archly repeat tho' they see him distress,
" Pshaw! beauty's a trifle, and love's but a jest."

Be warn'd, oh! ye swains, Damon's fate lest you
share,

For beauty's bright goddess such treatment won't
bear;

For heroes and princes, this truth have confess,
That beauty's no trifle, and love is no jest.

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